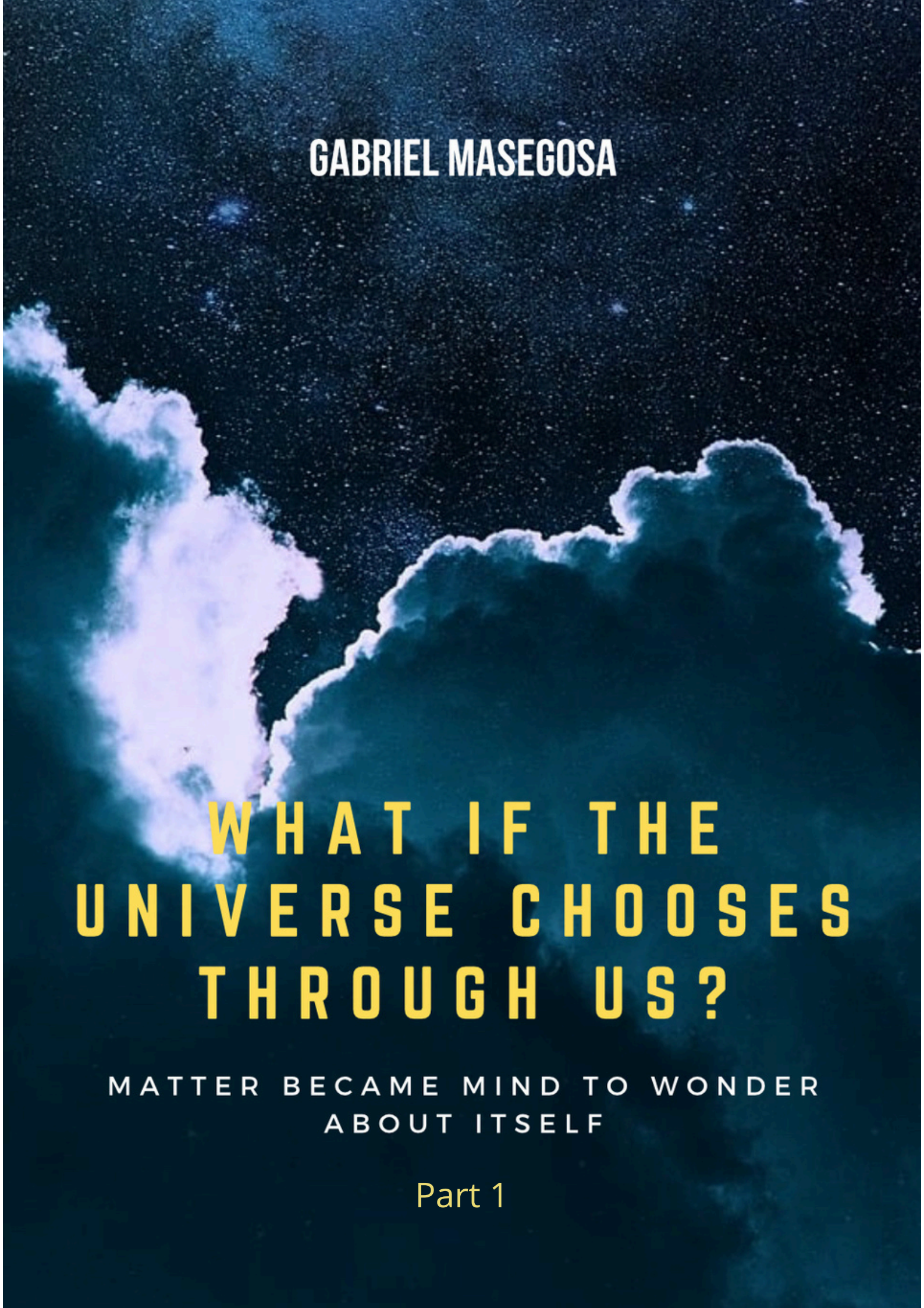
GABRIEL MASEGOSA
WHAT IF THE UNIVERSE CHOOSES THROUGH US?
MATTER BECAME MIND TO WONDER ABOUT ITSELF
Part 1

Chapter 1 – The Origin of Mystery

“The universe is not a soulless machine: it is an evolving intelligence, unfolding and recognizing itself in every form of life.”
— ***José Tomás Zeberio***, The Laws of Creative Evolution

The Being That Asks

Among all the creatures in the universe, the human being seems to be the only one who asks.
Not just reacts. Not just survives. Not just adapts.
It asks.
It asks about time, about death, about love, about meaning, about origin.
It asks even when it knows there may be no answer.
And it keeps asking, as if the very act of doing so brought it closer to a truth deeper than any certainty.
Where do we come from?
Where are we going?
Is there something beyond matter?
Are we alone?
Who am I?
These questions are not the errors of an overactive mind.
They are the clearest mark of awakened consciousness.
To ask is the most human act… and perhaps the most divine.

The Madness of Asking and the Pain of Having No Certainties

“He who asks risks losing peace.
He who doesn’t ask has already lost it.”

Since I was a child, I knew something didn’t add up.
The world seemed ordered, but that order was only superficial.
Beneath the laws, religions, and customs, there was something more: emptiness or mystery.
And so I began to ask questions.
Not out of rebellion, but out of necessity.
Why am I here?
Where does thought come from?
Does the soul exist, or is it a sophisticated illusion?
And what if the reality I perceive is not the reality, but just a reflection?

I soon discovered that asking comes at a cost: the discomfort of having no certainties.
The answers I received were formulas, dogmas, or worn-out phrases.
And behind every answer... another question.
Sometimes I wish I had never begun this journey.
Thinking hurts.
Doubting wears you down.
Knowing that the mind has limits... is despairing.
But amid that anguish, I also discovered something sublime:
not knowing what we are is the first step to becoming it.
The one who believes they have all the answers has already closed their universe.
The one who keeps asking... keeps being born.
To ask is an act of madness.
But it is also an act of love.
Only those who love truth more than their own comfort dare to live without certainties.
This chapter won't give you definitive answers.
But it will invite you to think differently.
And perhaps, to feel differently.

The Universe Responds to Questions, Not to Certainties

We live in a culture that rewards those who “know.”
Those who speak with confidence, who give quick answers, who don’t hesitate.
But when we look deeper — into science, philosophy, and inner life — we discover a paradox:
the most transformative discoveries were born from questions, not from statements.

Quantum mechanics, for example, did not arise because someone said: “This is how reality works.”
It emerged when someone dared to ask:
“Why does a particle seem to behave like a wave when no one is observing it?”
That question — so humble, so insane — changed physics forever.

Because asking opens a space that certainty closes.
The universe, as if it were conscious, does not allow itself to be trapped by certainties.

When we think we've understood it, it answers with a paradox, an exception, a crack.
But when we ask it with authenticity, it responds with synchronicity, intuition, or fertile silence.

The same happens in spiritual life.
The mystic doesn't say "I know who I am," but rather "Who am I really?"
The wise one doesn't say "This is how God works," but "What is the nature of existence?"

In my experience, the universe behaves like a mirror:
• If you shout an assertion at it, it echoes back.
• If you ask a true question, it reflects you.
A reflection you may not fully understand... but one that changes how you see.

Not all questions change the world.
But every true transformation begins with a sincere question.

The Greatest Discoveries Were Accidents… Guided by Questions

Another paradox:

Most of the discoveries that changed history were not planned, but revealing accidents.

• **Penicillin**: Alexander Fleming forgot to clean some petri dishes and saw how mold killed bacteria.
• **X-rays**: Wilhelm Röntgen didn't know what he was looking for. He was experimenting with vacuum tubes when something invisible passed through his body.
• **Microwaves**: Percy Spencer had a chocolate bar in his pocket while working with radar equipment. It melted.
• **Quantum** Mechanics: it was born because classical physics couldn't explain what experiments were showing.
• **The Big Bang**: it was proposed to explain a "background noise" in radio astronomy.

Those “accidents” are not pure chance.
They happen when someone is exploring, allows themselves to doubt, and doesn’t dismiss the unexpected.

They are not mistakes: they are revelations for those with open eyes and a disarmed ego.

The authentic question —the one born from a mix of wonder, discomfort, and humility— creates the inner space for the unexpected to appear.

Certainties, on the other hand, seek control.
But the universe cannot be controlled — it can only be listened to.

Perhaps true knowledge is not a straight line toward an answer,
but a path of questions, stumbles, and epiphanies.
And the greatest mistake… is believing there is nothing left to discover.

Mystery as a Condition of Being

We live surrounded by causes, effects, data, algorithms…
but mystery remains the most real.

Why does something exist instead of nothing?
Why can I feel, think, remember?
Why, if I’m made of stardust, can I ask about the stars?

Science advances, but it doesn’t eliminate mystery — it reorganizes it.

Every authentic answer opens a new crack.
And from there, the question is born again.

Mystery is not what we don’t know yet:
it is what cannot be known from the outside.
It can only be lived… and burned through.

The Imperfect Universe: A Search for Itself?

Some believe the universe is a perfect mechanism.

But then...

why does it need to evolve?
Why does it move, transform, break?
And why does it generate within itself beings that question it?
Could it be that the universe itself is a question, and we are the way that question becomes aware of itself?

Maybe we are not observers of the cosmos.
We are its nerves.
We are its language.
We are its doubt.

Did Consciousness Come First?

For centuries, science tried to explain consciousness as a late product of the brain.
But...

what if it was the other way around?
What if consciousness came before matter?
What if matter is just a frozen form of that consciousness?
This intuition —shared by quantum physicists, mystics, and some modern philosophers— turns the universe upside down.

We wouldn't be mere biological accidents,
but temporary expressions of an intelligence that needs no name.

Matter can organize itself, but it cannot question itself.
Consciousness can.

Are We Made to Kill Our Creador?

There is a painful tension in the human soul:
on one hand, it seeks the sacred.
On the other, it destroys it.

Throughout history,
humankind has persecuted, denied, exiled,
or killed that which most deeply connected it to its origin.

Could it be that we fear the truth too much
to let it live?

Like Prometheus stealing fire,
like Christ on the cross,
like Socrates drinking hemlock…
the impulse to touch the eternal is often punished
by the fear of those who cling to the finite.

The human soul seems made to sense
greatness…
but also to resist it.

The Question as a Living Flame

We have not come into this world to have all the answers.

Perhaps we have come to sustain the flame of the question.

Because to ask is not ignorance.
It is courage.

It is humility before the mystery that precedes and overflows us.

And if consciousness is the foundation of all that exists,
then every time we ask with authenticity...
the universe answers itself, through us.

What Awakens in Us the Desire to Know?

The desire to know doesn't come from emptiness, but from a living presence that resists full understanding.
From the moment we open our eyes, the world astonishes us.
There are colors, sounds, emotions, movements… and we don't know why.
We feel, we suffer, we love… and we don't understand how.

We live… without knowing what it means to live.
Then the first spark arises:

"What is this?"
"Why is this happening to me?"
"Who am I?"

It is not a superficial need. It is a longing of the soul.

The desire to know is born when something within us senses that there is more.

More than what is seen. More than what is touched. More than what is said.

The human being does not seek only to accumulate information.
He seeks to make sense of what he lives.
It is not enough to know how the world works; he needs to know why he is in it.

To know is an attempt to heal the wound of existence.
It is building a bridge between the self and the world.
It is trying to inhabit the incomprehensible with a little light.

Whoever longs to know is answering a calling.
And theat calling comes from the very heart of the universe.

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This is the first part of a book that, more than a book, is a question born from human intimacy.